

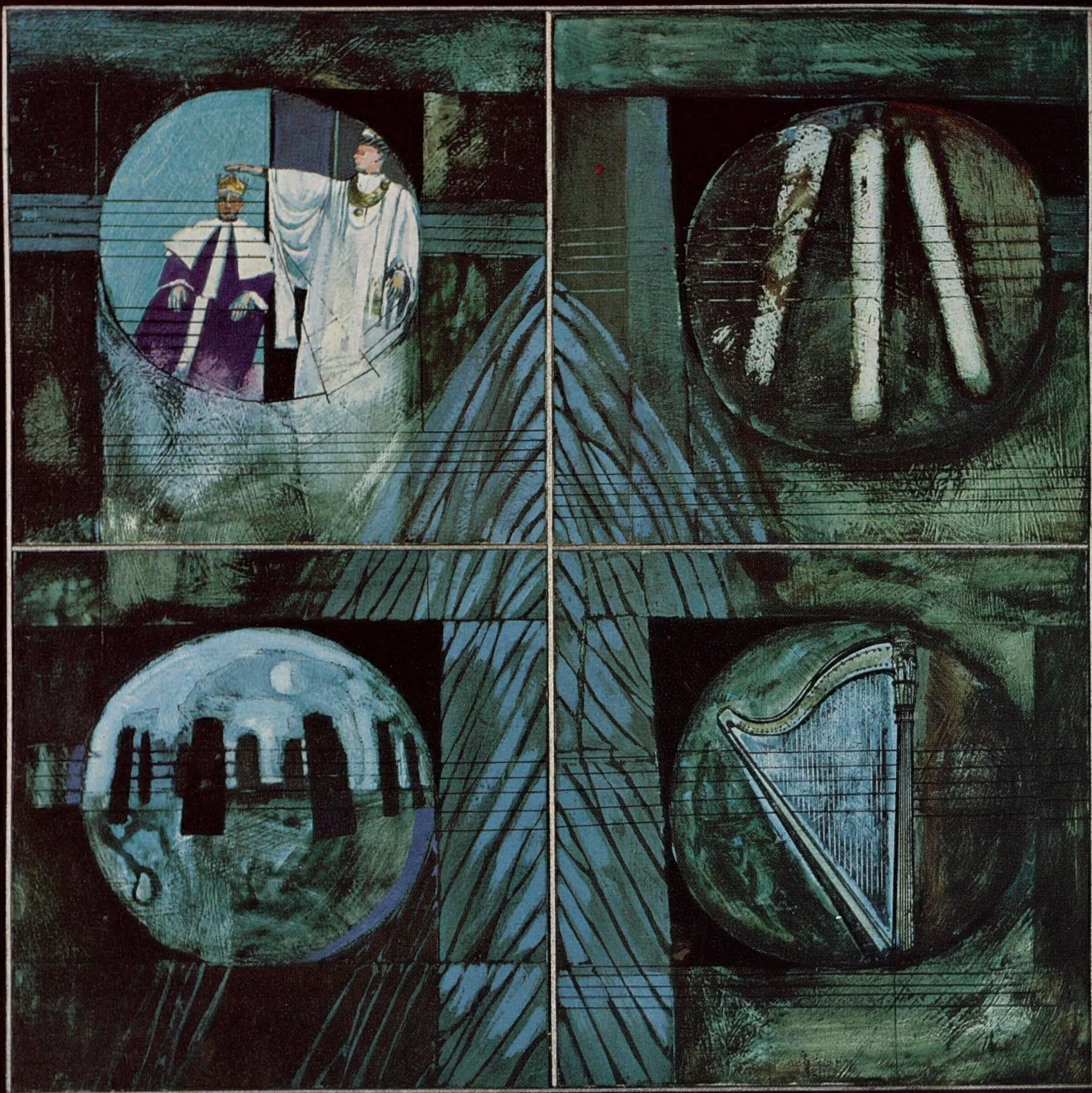
29 JULY 1964 2s.6d.

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& BYSTANDER



the royal babies



John Wright, head of Graphic Design, Newport College of Art, has extracted four dominant themes of the National Eisteddfod (1) Crowning of the Bard (2) an ancient Celtic sign (3) The Gorsedd Circle, reputedly of Druidic origin and, certainly (4) the Welsh harp.

Professor Stephen Williams talks the Eisteddfod

"The national Eisteddfod of Wales is unique. Its origins go back at least to the 12th century, but the institution really began to grow about 150 years ago. Today the Festival embraces all the Arts and the economic life of the Welsh nation. It is held alternately in North and South Wales and the central focus each year is the huge pavilion. Associated with the competitive Eisteddfod itself are concerts, plays, exhibitions and particularly the ceremony and pageantry of the Gorsedd of Bards. Each year on an average it attracts some 150,000 visitors, many from distant countries. Indeed it is the main annual event in Welsh cultural and social life."



Emeritus Professor Stephen J. Williams (D.Litt.) is Chairman of the local executive committee of the 1964 Eisteddfod and has been connected with this great Welsh Festival for over 30 years.

A FEW FACTS This year's Eisteddfod is being held in Singleton Park, Swansea, from 3rd—8th August. Competitions each day, 9-5.30 in recitation, choral and literary works, in the Great Pavilion (seating 8,000). Gorsedd ceremonies Tuesday and Thursday. Industrial, educational and cultural exhibitions, displays of arts and crafts, in marquees and adjacent buildings. Concerts in the Pavilion, drama in the Grand Theatre each evening, 7-9.30. Huge car park for over 1,000 cars. And to get yours there, BP Garages throughout Wales from Llanelli to Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwilllantysiliogogoch.

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AND BYSTANDER / VOLUME 253 / NUMBER 3283

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JOHN OLIVER

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Four babies have been born in the early months of this year to what is probably the most photographed family in the world. Cecil Beaton's colour picture shows the Queen with her two youngest sons, Prince Andrew who was born on 19 February 1960 and little Prince Edward, born on 10 March this year. A special section of colour and black and white photography begins on page 209 comprising pictures of all the new Royal Babies together with their parents taken in their own infancy. James Laver contributes a perceptive article on the portraiture of children in the royal line of succession.

IN NEXT WEEK'S TATLER: Set Fair for Cowes: *by J. Roger Baker*, photographs by Morris Newcombe; Taking the needle: *by Unity Barnes*, photographs by Michael Cooper

GOING PLACES



SOCIAL & SPORTING

King's Cup Air Race, Coventry, 1 August.

Cowes Week, 1-9 August.

International Horse Show, Dublin, 4-8 August.

Kildare Hunt Cotton Dance, Shelbourne Ballroom, Dublin, 3 August. (Tickets, £2, Dublin 66471.)

Gala at Monte Carlo, in aid of the Monaco Red Cross, 7 August. (Details, Mr. Nigel Neilson, 31 Grosvenor Hill, HUD 8606.)

Prix Caprilli dressage, Taplow, Bucks, 9 August.

Grouse shooting starts, 12 August.

Yateley Horse Show, Mont-eagle Farm, Yateley, nr. Camberley, 15 August. (Details, Mr. R. Hicks, Yateley 3365.)

Edinburgh Festival, 16 August—5 September. (Details, Edinburgh Festival Society, ROU 1432.)

Skye Highland Games, Portree, 20 August.

RACE MEETINGS

Flat: Redcar, today & 30; Goodwood, today, 30, 31 July; Newmarket, Warwick, 1 August; Epsom, 1, 3 August;

Folkestone, Newcastle, 3 August; Chepstow, Ripon, Wolverhampton, 3, 4 August; Brighton 4-6 August. **Steeplechasing**: Newton Abbot, 3 August; Devon & Exeter, 5, 6 August.

POLO

Cowdray Park Challenge Cup final; Holden White Cup final, 2 August; Argentine Ambassador's Cup, 3 August.

CRICKET

Test Match: England v. Australia, the Oval, 13-18 August.

Knock-out competition, semi-finals, today-31 July.

Invalids v. The Stage, Hurlingham, 1 August.

GOLF

British Isles v. Europe, Muirfield, N. Berwick, 31 July-1 August.

YACHTING

Menai Straits Fortnight, Anglesey, 3-15 August.

Torbay Fortnight, 15-29 August.

TENNIS

Open Tournament, Bournemouth, 3-8 August.

England v. Ireland, Scarborough, 7 August.

MUSICAL

Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall, to 19 September. **Victoria & Albert Museum**, Philomusica, cond. Malcolm, 7.30 p.m., 2 August. (PRI 7142.)

Lakeside Concert, Kenwood. Hallé Orchestra, cond. Barbirolli, 8 p.m., 1 August. (final concert).

Holland Park. Hallé Orchestra, cond. Handford, 7.30 p.m., 2 August. (WAT 5000, Ext. 6207). **Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales**, Swansea, 3-8 August.

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, to 15 August.

John Healey, luminous pictures, Ceylon Tea Centre, Lower Regent St., to 6 August.

London Group Exhibition, Tate Gallery, to 16 August.

Contemporary British watercolours, R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit St., to 20 August.

EXHIBITIONS

"The Growth of London." Victoria & Albert Museum, to 30 August.

Regency Exhibition, Royal Pavilion, Brighton, to 27 September.

Guild of Gloucestershire Craftsmen, exhibition and market, Painswick, 1-22 August.

SON ET LUMIERE

Hampton Court, in aid of the Lady Hoare Thalidomide Appeal, to 26 September. (HYD 6000.)

Norwich Cathedral, to 19 September.

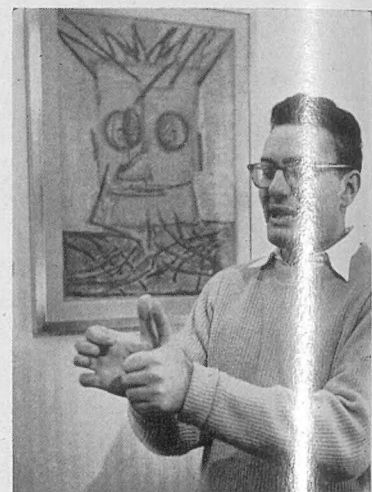
Durham Cathedral, to 26 September.

OPEN AIR THEATRE

Regent's Park. *Taming of the Shrew*, to 15 August.

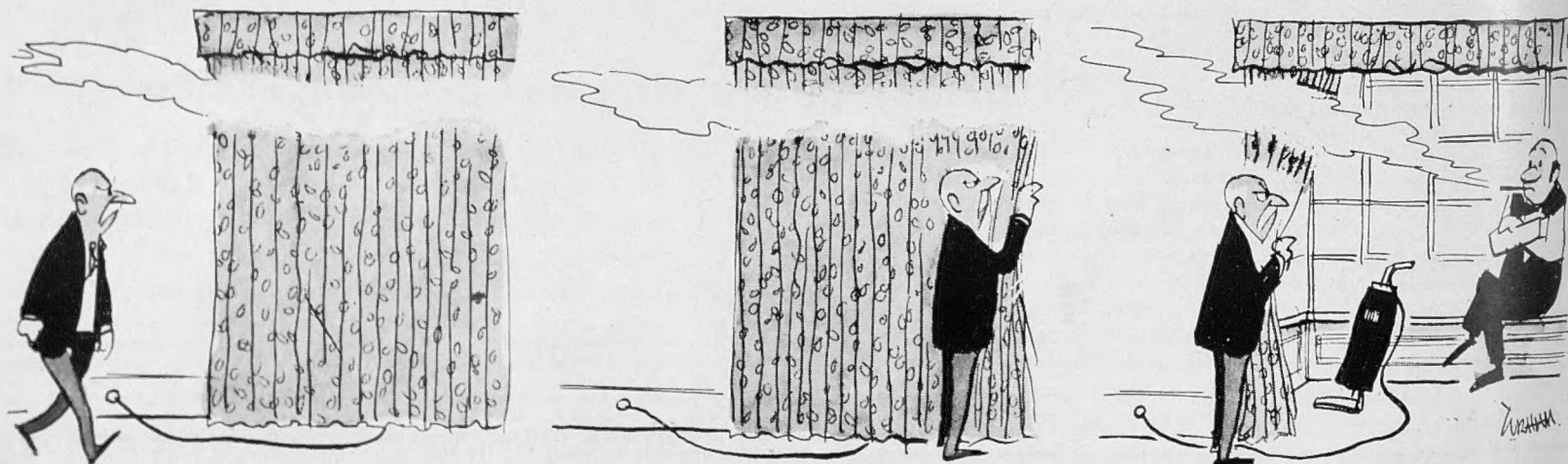
FIRST NIGHTS

New Arts. *Mr. Whatnot*, 6 August.



Man with good reason for happiness this month is Mr. Peter Shaffer whose new play *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*, an account of the Spanish conquest of the empire of the Incas, scored a resounding success at Chichester. The cartoon of Shaffer on the wall is by Peter Brook

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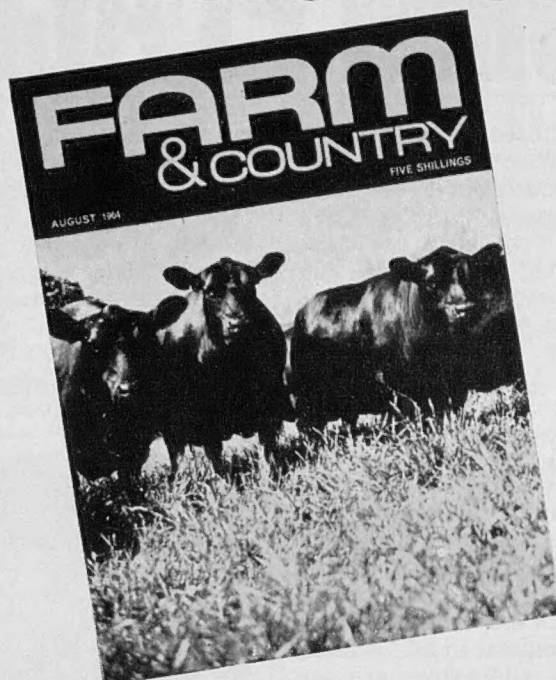
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GOING PLACES

C.S. ... Closed Sundays

W.B. ... Wise to book a table.

The Trocadero, Piccadilly Circus. (GER 6920.) W.B. Open Sundays. With the future of the Circus in the planners' melting pot I suppose that one day this restaurant will be crushed in the mills of "progress." A customer for over 40 years, I have a deep affection for it, which causes me to urge those who have never had a meal there to go before it is too late. Observe first the superlative quality of the food displayed on the cold table, for this standard prevails in all dishes. Study with care the wine list, one of the finest in all London. Note that the tables are set well apart, making for amiable and private converse. Observe the standard of service from the staff, mostly of mature years and craftsmen at their job. Choose your dishes and wines with equal care and deliberation. Do not hurry over your meal, and you will depart content—even with the bill. In my record the "Troc" will have its proud and rightful place, along with Noel Peters, Voisin, Horcher's and Sacher's.

Berni Steak Bar, 175 Regent Street. Open luncheon and dinner. This restaurant, appreciably larger than it looks at first glance, is well worth keeping in mind when shopping in this part of London, for it offers good value for money combined with swift and friendly service. For an inclusive 10s. 6d. I had a large and tender sirloin steak, with chipped potatoes, tomatoes and mushrooms, roll and

butter, and a choice of ice cream or biscuits and cheese. If I had had a gammon rasher the cost would have been 8s. 6d. A schooner of sherry costs 2s. 9d., a glass of wine 2s. 6d. The short wine list starts with a bottle of an honest Spanish red or white wine for 12s. 6d. They specialize in coffee, and it is good.

Wine note For summer drinking (2)

Peter Dominic have selected four wines from their very extensive list that they consider are particularly suitable for summer meals. Two of them are Beaujolais of 1961, a Clos de Chapitres at 10s. 6d. per bottle, and a Morgon Tastevinage at 18s. 6d. They remind one of how good a named and genuine Beaujolais can be, drunk at cellar temperature on a warm evening. The others are a Trierer Niesgen Fass No. 6195 of 1961 at 15s. 9d., a natural wine which prompted thoughts of chicken in aspic to go with it, and a 1959 Durkheimer Schenkenbohl Silvaner Spatlese 1959 at 23s. 6d. Drunk in the garden on a perfect July evening it was delightful.

Value in the North

Lindsay's Sea Food Restaurant is immediately opposite Newcastle-on-Tyne Central Station. It consists, in fact, of a bar, restaurant, grill room and oyster bar, all pleasantly decorated in unobtrusive modern style. I chose the restaurant. First, a generous helping of *pâté*, not *maison* I



think, but good nevertheless. Next a plate of sound beef *consommé*, followed by a roll-mop herring. Then a large minute steak garni, tender and well cooked, and black-currant tart and ice cream to finish. The cost of this meal was 12s. 6d. I could have eaten *à la carte*, at prices that represented equally excellent value for money. We drank a pleasant 1961 hock, which cost £1, and there are several good wines on the list at that price. The coffee was well above the average. The service, though a little rough and ready, was willing, swift and most polite.

TO EAT

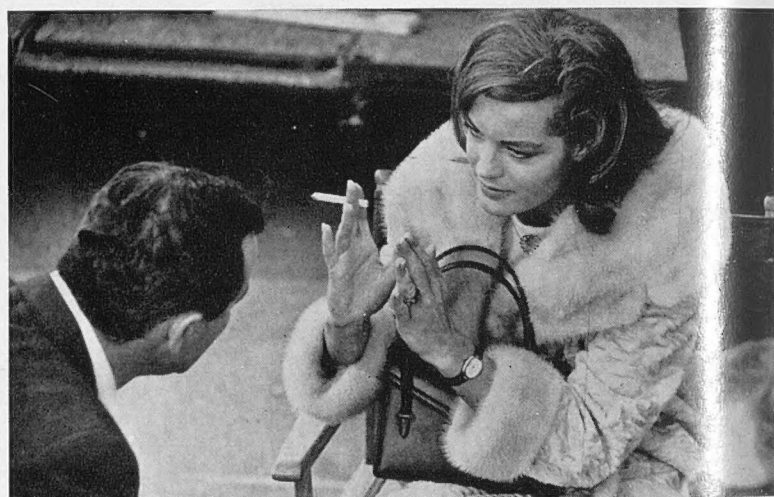
Lindsay's is definitely a place to remember as giving remarkable value in pleasant and comfortable surroundings.

... and a reminder

Jules Bar, 35 Jermyn Street, S.W.1. (WHI 4700.) *Perhaps the best sausages and mashed potatoes in London, plus a good cold table in pleasant surroundings, for reasonable prices.*

Knightsbridge 8444, Opposite Harrods. *Street-level room now refurbished and open for all sizes and shapes of meals.*

Pinocchio, 30 Frith Street, W.1. (GER 4045.) *Good Italian cooking in pleasant surroundings, and dancing on a small floor to 3 a.m.*



Off-set conversation between top European star Romy Schneider and top American comedian Jack Lemmon, starring together in *Good Neighbour Sam* which marks Romy's Hollywood debut. She plays the girl next door who borrows her best friend's husband. Dorothy Provine is involved in the complications that ensue

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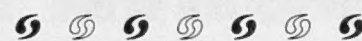
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GOING PLACES



ABROAD

Helsinki has one of the prettiest aerial approaches of any city. One flies in low over its fabled archipelago of some 20,000 islands, over the birches and pinewoods, touching down in open country with hardly a building in sight. The country continues up to within 10 minutes of the city centre. This is the baptism of a place whose signal appeal is that of noiselessness, space and light.

Helsinki must be the only capital without suburbs, as we know them. Instead, there are "development centres" such as Tapiola, whose wild, natural beauty was sung by Sibelius long before they laid the first stone. Those well-spaced, slender white apartment blocks will never know the pall of soot; built by a consortium of the best Finnish architects, they are (although granted a God-sent setting of lakes and trees) a justifiable national pride, and represent a brave and beautiful new world indeed.

The approach to Helsinki by water is romantic in a more predictable way. Almost all harbours have beauty, but Car Engel's Cathedral and his white neo-classical buildings have an elegance of their own. He planned this, the core of the city, when Finland became a Grand Duchy of the Czar's Empire in 1815. The ships' cranes, the handsome liners and the gay little paddle steamers lying at anchor give the façade its life. So does the open air market on the quayside, with stalls full of shiny mosaic fish and brilliant flowers. Though roses, carnations and lilies are taken for granted in the ripper South, here they have a certain poignance. They are either painstakingly grown under glass or imported at great expense and more people sniff them in passing than can afford to scoop up an armful, and the

peasant women who offer country daisies to the leaner end of the market probably do the better business.

The rest of Helsinki is a disappointment to those who expect the kind of buildings which appear in *The Architectural Review*. The only pretty street is the broad, tree-lined Esplanade, and even here the few contemporary buildings only point the ugliness of those conceived in the '20s and '30s and frequently built of stucco in the colour of cooked liver. Trams still rumble along the untidy, cobbled thoroughfares, but this is a friendly, unpretentious city; Helsinki makes no claims to be among the world's great capitals. One quickly grows fond of it, perhaps more on account of the people than their habitat.

One certain claim to fame is a bookshop (part of the vast emporium of Stockman's store), which contains 13 miles of shelves, and almost every book extant in English, French and German. Otherwise, the visitors' goal is the many exhibition centres for glass, ceramics, rugs and fabrics for which Finland has become famous. Arabia, which is the most important manufacturer of ceramics, has its own centre in town. But it is interesting to visit the studios at their factory. Some dozen of the best artists, including Toni Muona, Ruth Bryck and Birger Kaipainen, are put out to creative grass to experiment and work as they please, which is a fine example of industrial patronage. Telephone Arabia's Social Bureau for an appointment.

Otherwise, life centres around the restaurants, in which the Finns spend a good deal of their waking hours. The pace of the city seems to be dictated by the waitresses, a race of benign and, above all,

leisurely ladies. Slip into low gear rather than corrode your digestion with impatience, for the time lag between giving your order and getting it can be anything up to one hour. The food, when it arrives, is exceedingly good. Most dishes are well prepared, but they excel in all forms of fish: delicately cured "white fish"; tiny Baltic herring; lake fish—pike or perch, best of all in the miniature. Unique to their cuisine is hot, smoked salmon, baked over juniper chips. Best of all, raw salmon, marinated in spices and served with fresh dill and hot new potatoes. This is in the caviar class.

The Palace is special for lunch because of its top-floor terrace bar, with a view over the harbour. The Casino, typifying the big dance-and-cabaret restaurants of which the Finns seem inordinately fond, is just outside town, in a glorious lake-side setting. There is no gambling, but you'd reckon to spend the evening there. The Savoy is perhaps the most *soignée*, and is one of the few restaurants in which waiters serve (which may account for much brisker attention). Morilles (a cross between truffles and mushrooms) *à la crème* is one of the specialties here. Tornio is a hotel with some five different restaurants, including a Balkan, a Spanish and a Chinese. Nicest of all is their Artists' restaurant, on the top floor, with a bar on the open roof in summer, high over this city of spires and cranes and flashes of water. A summer sunset which starts at half past nine and goes on melting,

with ever more glorious colours, for nearly an hour, would be reason enough to go there, but the food is excellent too.

Kämp has the appeal of our old Café Royal. Pillars and chandeliers and potted palms; faded mirrors and high-backed banquettes whose leather was once polished by the elbows of Sibelius and Mannerheim make it one of Europe's period pieces. It ought to be preserved for the grand-children of the coffee bar generation. Kämp's bar, which looks by comparison quite ordinary, is the venue of writers and artists (their former barman was a painter of note). It is lively between noon and six in the evening. Which brings me to the anomaly of Finnish licensing laws. A *barri* is a cafeteria, serving soft drinks only, although useful for a quick lunch. If a place is licensed, it goes on from 11 a.m. until midnight. Yet the *raiveté* of the authorities is demonstrated by the fact that you may not order neat vodka (the national drink) except with food; but you may imbibe to your content on the far dizzier brew of vodka martini, and on some nauseous fancy cocktails (I award the prize to a mixture of Green Chartreuse, Rye whisky and Italian vermouth), presumably on the supposition that the stomach will fail far sooner than the head. The steamers which ply the coastal archipelago and the lakes usually serve beer only, but (and search me for the reason) drinking is confined to the smoky saloons, and one may not bring this "alcoholic beverage" up on deck.

The Helsinkis have both passion and provision for getting out. Offices close at three on summer afternoons, and in less than half an hour one can be on an island, remote with mossgrown rocks, birches and pebbled beaches. But more of these next week...

Finnair fly Caravelles four days a week to Helsinki, via Gothenburg; minimum fare, £62 19s. return. Service is liberally laced with charm, male or female, plus a generally accommodating, un-bossy attitude. They are well stocked with duty free liquor and scent, so take maximum advantage for the sake of your prospective hosts.

The harbour at Helsinki



WHAT THE KATY-DIDS!

Gary Cockrell and Valerie Hyman formed The Katy-Dids just two months ago. Since then this six-strong jazz dance group has won a residency in BBC-2's weekly series *The Beat Room*, from which viewers may know them better as The Beat Girls.

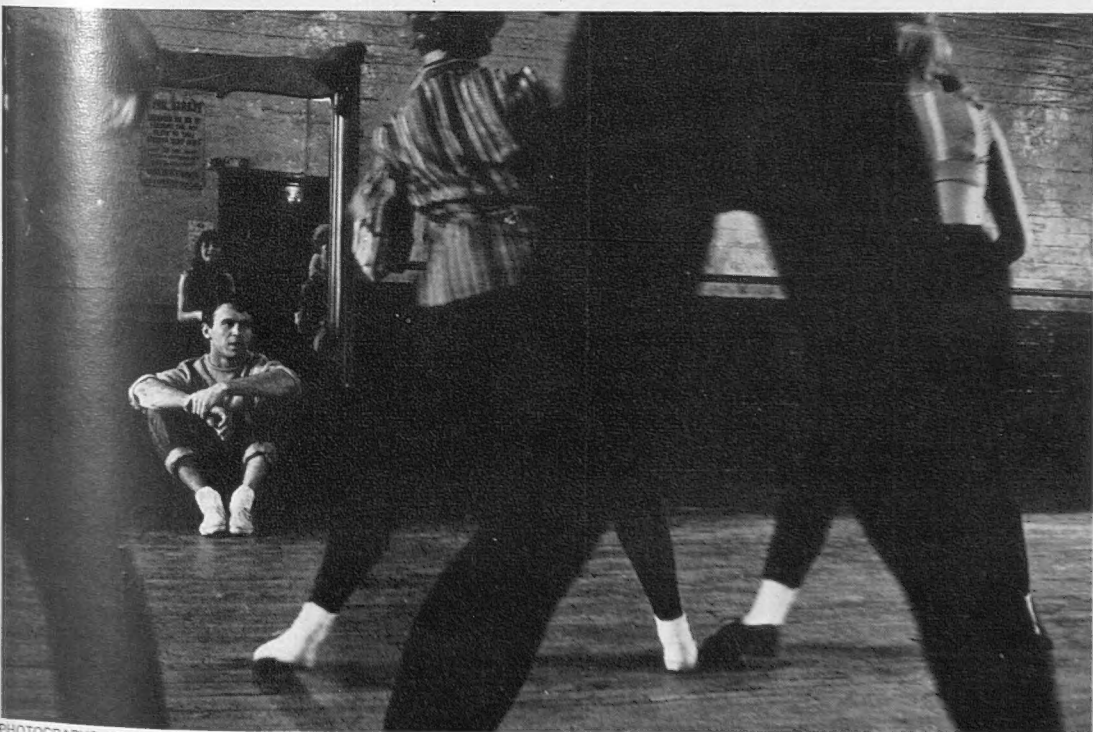
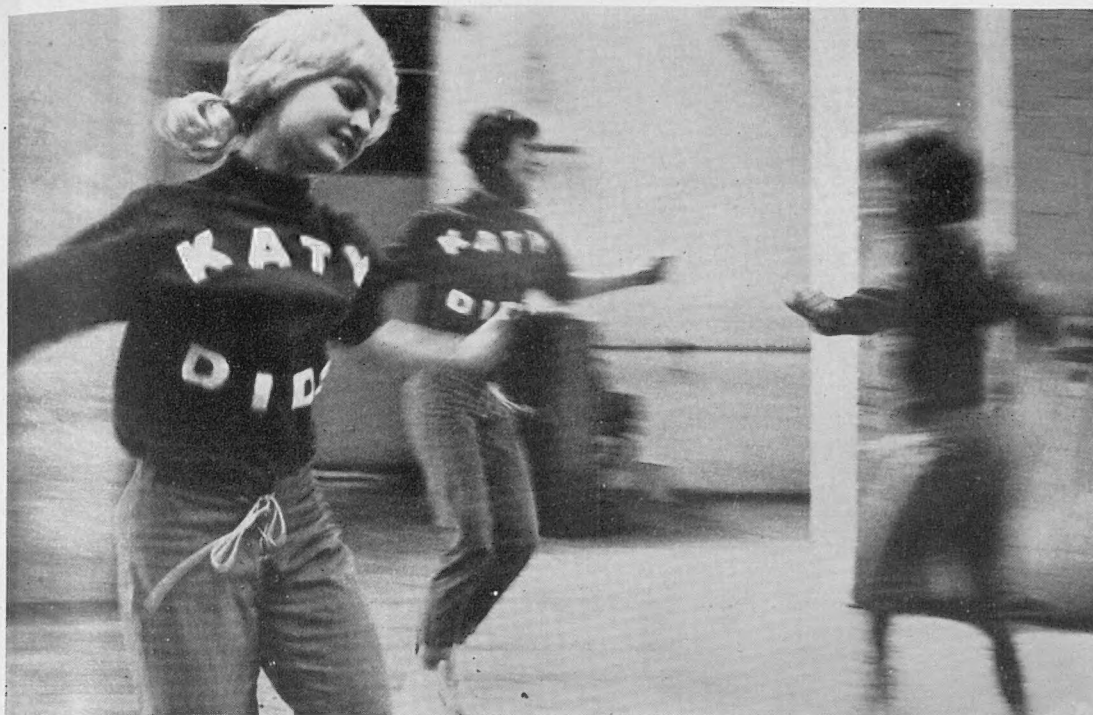
Mr. Cockrell, who runs a jazz ballet school in the West End, is their choreographer. He came to this country from America with the *West Side Story* company in which he danced the part of Diesel. After five months Tony Richardson arranged for him to be released from his contract to play the lead in Tennessee Williams' *Orpheus Descending* at the Royal Court. Since then he has made 13 films including *Tiara Tahiti*, *Lolita*, *Man in the Middle* and *The Americanisation of Emily*, yet to be seen.

Miss Hyman is a young dress designer (she was responsible for The Merseybeats' new Byron look) who conceived the idea of extending the pop culture with a visual equivalent of the beat groups.

"I feel there is a place for The Katy-Dids in package shows," she says. "An audience waiting to hear a star performer will not be satisfied with lesser groups: they want something visual. In America, they have to precede Elvis Presley by elephants and carnival acts!" Her original idea was for a Beatles ballet, but plans had not been finalized when *Modes and Rockers* went into production with the Western Theatre Ballet. She brought her new ideas to Gary Cockrell, and the Katy-Dids were born.

The girls have already appeared on Southern TV's *Three-Go-Round* with American blues singer John Lee Hooker. In *The Beat Room* they are accompanied by Wayne Gibson and the Dynamic Sounds. The dancers are Jenny Ferle, Linda Bywaters, Ann Chapman, Linda Lawrence, Diane South and Lyn Wolseley.

Ann Chapman (top picture) rehearses one of Gary Cockrell's jazz dances. Valerie Hyman (centre picture) formed the Katy-Dids and designed their costumes, worn by Linda Bywaters and Ann Chapman. Actor and dancer Gary Cockrell (bottom picture) is the group's choreographer





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SMILES OF A JULY DAY from Princess Margaret, her daughter Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones—she was born on May Day—and son David (Viscount Linley) now aged 2 years and eight months. The Earl of Snowdon took this picture at Kensington Palace just before the christening of baby Sarah in the Private Chapel at Buckingham Palace. Turn to page 209 for pictures in black and white and colour of all the Royal Babies with a commentary by James Laver

WHEN A WINSTON CHURCHILL MARRIES

When a Churchill marries it tends to be pretty much a family affair. After the wedding at Kensington Register Office of Mr. Winston Churchill, 23-year-old grandson of Sir Winston and the only son of Mr. Randolph Churchill and The Hon. Mrs. Hayward, and Miss Minnie d'Erlanger, daughter of the late Sir Gerard d'Erlanger and of Lady d'Erlanger, guests gathered at 28, Hyde Park Gate, the London home of Sir Winston and Lady Churchill. In the picture below with the bride and groom are Mr. Randolph Churchill, Sir Winston with his cat Jock, Lady Churchill and Miss Arabella Churchill. In the background, from left, are Lady d'Erlanger, Mr. Douglas Wilson and Lady Digby

PHOTOGRAPH: KARSH





700 YEARS OF MERTON

Former scholars from all parts of the world and from many walks of life attended the reception and garden party at Merton College, Oxford, that celebrated the 700th year of its foundation



- 1 Dr. and Mrs. Roger Bannister. He is an old Merton man and was the first athlete to run a four-minute mile
2 Lady Trend whose husband, Sir Burke Trend, is Secretary to the Cabinet
3 Rear-Admiral Hetherington and his wife. The Rear-Admiral is Bursar of Merton
4 Mr. A. R. W. Harrison, Warden of Merton, with his wife

ALL THE FUN OF THE FAIR

The Oakley Hunt Supporters Club and the North Bucks Beagles organized a Field Sports fair at Melchbourne Park, the Bedfordshire home of the Hon. Hugh and Mrs. Lawson Johnston. Across its broad acres stretched exhibitions and demonstrations of country pursuits such as archery, fishing, floral arrangements, straw plaiting and clay pigeon shooting. There was a continuous programme of gymkhana events on the lawns in front of the house

1 The Hon. Hugh and Mrs. Lawson Johnston, host and hostess of the Fair, spent their entire day visiting stands and touring the grounds. With them is their 12-year-old daughter, Miss Marguerite Lawson Johnston

2 Mr. Stanley Woodrowe, a fly fisherman, gives tuition to Miss Sally Mayes, membership secretary of the Field Sports Fair Society

3 Members of the Muzzle Loaders' Association of Great Britain let fly with their restored weapons at clay pigeon targets

4 Mr. Jack Martin gives a demonstration of casting

5 Mr. Michael Wright, hon. secretary of the Fair, explains a sporting gun to Miss Judith Reynolds (*left*) and Miss Nancy Porter. They were both assisting him in the running of the Fair

6 Mr. R. G. Smith, who belongs to the Bowmen of Glen Club, gives advice to Mrs. J. McL. Philp, whose home is at Felmersham Grange. Mrs. Philp scored a "gold" with her first arrow

7 Viscount Knutsford judging the hunt terriers





PHOTOGRAPHS: VAN HALLAN

THE PREMIERS MIX BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE

BY MURIEL BOWEN

All in a twinkling the starchiness fell out of the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference. It was no longer one of those depressing family gatherings to which everybody came out of a sense of duty. LADY DOUGLAS-HOME went and had a long chat with the washers-up. Mr. EDWARD HEATH, M.P., shook the bandleader warmly by the hand. Somebody mentioned cricket, and DAME PATTIE MENZIES, wife of the Prime Minister of Australia, took up the conversation. "My husband can follow cricket for half the night. I wake up and there he is, still listening to reports from other parts of the world, though it is practically morning."

The occasion was the reception given by the Prime Minister, SIR ALEC DOUGLAS-HOME, and LADY DOUGLAS-HOME at Lancaster House for the visiting Prime Ministers.

Tiaras shone; there must have been 200 of them. Sashes of noble and valorous orders spread across hundreds of masculine chests. Most striking of the tiaras was a miniature crown well set off by the dark hair of LADY EGREMONT. It belonged to her husband's great-grandmother, the Duchess of Cleveland, who had a famous collection of lovely jewellery. A tiara in an intricate and beautiful design of rubies and diamonds was worn by MARY DUCHESS OF ROXBURGH. It was one she inherited from her mother. LADY GLADWYN's outstandingly pretty diamond tiara was also a present from her mother. It consisted of laurel leaves set in the Empire style. "Mother (the late Lady Noble) used to wear it a lot, but there don't seem to be so many occasions now for wearing tiaras." More is the pity.

SOMETHING OLD, SOMETHING NEW

The new-and-old character of the Commonwealth was summed up more by the women than by the men. There were the rich brocades worn by the women from Africa and their splendid head-dresses, and the grace of women in saris. I talked to Mrs. INDIRA GANDHI, the beautiful but sad daughter of the late Prime Minister Nehru. Still distressed by her father's death, she wore Indian mourning, a white sari. No. 4 now in the Indian cabinet, many people think she may well be Prime Minister one day. Home and family, though, were the things she most wanted to talk about. She managed part of a day during the Conference to go to

Cambridge to see her elder son who is studying for an engineering degree there.

Who else was there? Mr. HENRY BROOKE, Home Secretary, & DAME BARBARA BROOKE; the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY & Mrs. MICHAEL RAMSEY; the EARL OF INCHCAPE; Mr. JAMES CALLAGHAN, M.P., & Mrs. CALLAGHAN; the EARL & COUNTESS OF CROMER; and SIR MICHAEL & LADY WRIGHT. I'm told that Sir Michael's book on disarmament, *Disarm and Verify*, which came out in May and which now has an American edition, is the only understandable book on the subject.

THE TELETRIM

LORD NORMANBROOK, who has noticeably lost weight since going into television, was there, and so too were SIR PHILIP & the HON. LADY DE ZULUETA; VISCOUNT & VISCOUNTESS SIMON; Mr. JOHN OSBORN, M.P., & Mrs. OSBORN; and Mr. BRYANT GODMAN IRVINE, M.P., & Mrs. IRVINE. I was told that there was a great rush among Tory M.P.s to get invitations, and that the Whips Office was besieged with requests—only a few could be satisfied because of the allocation.

Mr. DUNCAN SANDYS, the Commonwealth and Colonial Secretary, had several members of his family with him, including his clever and amusing daughter, EDWINA, and her husband, Mr. PIERS DIXON, and his daughter Miss CELIA SANDYS. The two girls were looking for LADY SPENS, but failed to find her in the crowd. As Miss Katherine Dodds she was their headmistress at Heathfield.

LORD PARKER OF WADDINGTON, the Lord Chief Justice, there with LADY PARKER, was looking very thrilled. He was being congratulated on the Beatle wig he had worn to a fancy costume ball a week or two before. Mr. HAROLD WILSON, recovered from his cold, was there with Mrs. WILSON. I asked him the secret everybody would like explained—to what does he attribute his remarkable energy. "Sleep—I get eight hours a night wherever I am," he told me. Mrs. Wilson confirmed the ease with which he can relax. "The moment his head hits the pillow, he's asleep."

LUNCHEON IN BRIGHTON

At Mrs. REGINALD MAUDLING's luncheon party in one of Brighton's beautiful Regency houses, SIR DENYS LOWSON, BT., was mistaken for Dr. BEECHING. A woman pleaded with him not to close St. Marylebone station. She had, she said, used it for years and its closure would cause her great inconvenience. Sir Denys relayed her message to Dr. Beeching who was also at the luncheon. It can't be much fun for Dr. Beeching to go to a party. He looks the sort of man who would be concerned about one's grievances, so people air them. Two

CONTINUED ON PAGE 206



BIRTHDAY CABARET

At the dance given by Mrs. David Abrahams to celebrate the coming-of-age of her son Peter, a cabaret was given by the *Wait a Minim* company. Mr. David Abrahams is chairman of the Aldwych, Garrick and Scala theatres

- 1 Miss V. Shead
- 2 Miss Cherry Collins
- 3 Miss Kay Lewis and Mr. Rodney O'Donoghue
- 4 Miss Sandra Courtney and Mr. Peter Abrahams

politicians, one Labour and one Conservative, both people who ought to have known better, aired their problems. After some adroit side-stepping, Dr. Beeching went on a tour of the house.

The party was given by Mrs. Maudling in connection with the Adeline Genée Theatre Trust of which she is appeals chairman. It all started with Mrs. EDWARD DE LA MOTTE offering her house in Brunswick Square for a party for the theatre which will soon be a reality at Chartes Towers, East Grinstead. Mrs. de la Motte has restored the house completely from a collection of bed-sits ("we did away with something like 18 kitchenettes and baths"). It is now one handsome seaside dwelling with a self-contained flat in the basement.

THE TWO DOCTOR B'S

A Sunday lunch is always a success. This one was no exception. Most people invited could not resist a day in what Thackeray called, "kind, cheerful, merry Dr. Brighton." Apart from Mr. & Mrs. Maudling who motored from Chequers that morning, and those who had come from nearby country houses, most people had come down from London using Dr. Beeching's excellent train service from Victoria.

Mr. & Mrs. EDWARD SUTRO were there, and so too were PAMELA LADY GLENCONNER; Mr. & Mrs. MICHAEL THOMSON; Mr. & Mrs. EDWARD PAYNE; LADY BIRLEY; Mr. JOHN DE LA MOTTE (now completely recovered from his accident on the Cresta last winter); the Ecuadorian Ambassador & Senora VALLARINO; and Mr. & Mrs. MIKI SEKERS, whose theatre at their home in Cumberland is one of the show places of the North-West. With the postal strike already a reality Master WILLIAM MAUDLING, aged seven, was handed a letter to give to the lady next door, at No. 10, Lady Douglas-Home. He stuffed it under his shirt. "What an excellent junior Whip," commented Mr. VICTOR MISHCON.

The Adeline Genée Theatre is scheduled to open in September of next year. A small intimate auditorium to take no more than 400 is planned, and there are ambitious plans for staging ballet in particular, but also music and drama.

TAILPIECE

The annual cricket match between Block G Old Etonians and Block G Old Harrovians brought quite a bevy of men distinguished in other fields on to the pitch. SIR IAN ORR-EWING, BT., M.P.; VISCOUNT COBHAM; SIR JOHN HOGG, and SIR EDWARD FORD were all listed on the clubhouse board. The Old Etonians' Twelfth Man appeared to be the only one missing. His name: JOHN BLOOM.

The list of debutante dances for the Little Season will be published in the Tatler of 9 September, and details should reach this office not later than Friday, 7 August

PLANNING TO BUILD A THEATRE

A luncheon was held at the Hove home of Mrs. Edward de la Motte to aid the Adeline Genée Theatre Appeal. It is hoped to build a small theatre in East Grinstead to perpetuate the name of Adeline Genée, the Edwardian ballerina

- 1 Mrs. Reginald Maudling
- 2 Mrs. Richard Vernon, whose husband is a trustee of the Theatre Trust
- 3 Sir Denys and the Hon. Lady Lowson with Mr. Victor Mishcon, a former chairman of the London County Council
- 4 Mrs. Edward Rayne
- 5 Mr. Miki Sekers, M. Jean Baudrand-Cousin and Mrs. Sekers examine a model of the proposed theatre
- 6 Mlle. Françoise Winskill, Mr. Alexander Spicaglia and Miss Joanna Horlock. Both girls are studying at the Bush Davies School of Ballet



LETTER FROM SCOTLAND

Mrs. Michael Noble, wife of Scotland's Secretary of State, was hostess at a dinner for the wives of Ministers of the European Free Trade Association who were meeting in Edinburgh. Still without an official residence in the city, she entertained them successfully in the homely atmosphere of Prestonfield House, an old mansion on the outskirts of Edinburgh which has belonged to the same family for generations and has been converted to a hotel. "Having discovered Prestonfield House, I think it's a marvellous answer to the problem," Mrs. Noble told me happily. "They all loved it and really felt they were in Scotland."

Other guests were Lady Craigton, Lady Polwarth, the Countess of Dundee, Mrs. Anthony Stodart, wife of the joint Under-Secretary of State for Scotland, Mrs. Edward Du Cann, wife of the Minister of State to the Board of Trade, and Mrs. J. A. M. Marjoribanks whose husband is assistant Under-Secretary of State at the Foreign Office.

SEEING SCOTLAND

After the conference the ministers and their wives had a chance of seeing another

aspect of the Scottish way of life at the week-end when they were guests at some of Scotland's stateliest homes. Among the hosts and hostesses were the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, the Earl and Countess of Mansfield, the Earl and Countess of Dundee, the Marquess and Marchioness of Lothian, and Lord and Lady Polwarth. The Earl and Countess of Haddington entertained all those who had attended the conference—more than 100—to lunch at Mellerstain, their Border home.

VOTING FOR A WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. Noble, as well as being busy officially, are now up to their eyes in a more personal matter—preparations for the wedding of their eldest daughter Catharine who announced her engagement this month to London businessman Mr. Peter Vey, only son of Mr. and Mrs. D. C. L. Vey, of Ewshot, Farnham, Surrey. The wedding is to be at Holy Trinity, Brompton, on 8 September. Mrs. Noble comments: "Plans are being made furiously fast. It's been very difficult to fit a time in to suit my husband with the election approaching."

Catharine, who works as a model for a London fashion house, has plans for her wedding dress well in hand. She'll probably be having her three sisters, Mary, Anastasia and Rebecca as bridesmaids. House hunting is also in progress; the young couple intend to make their home in London, at least for a while.

CHARITY EXHIBITION

"It's a great pleasure to have these pictures around us. I just hope other people are going to enjoy the exhibition as much as I am," said Lady Cochrane of Cultra when she was telling me about the exhibition of young Scottish artists' work that is to be held at her home, Crawford Priory, Fife, next month, in aid of the funds of the Marie Curie Memorial Foundation for Cancer Research. She is a member of the Scottish executive committee of the Foundation in Scotland.

"We've often held country fairs and garden fêtes outdoors, but that's so dependent on the weather," Lady Cochrane said. "So this time I thought we would have something indoors." About 30 young Scottish artists will be represented and the pictures will be hung in the oak-panelled Gothic hall of the priory. The hanging committee includes sculptor Hew Lorimer, and husband and wife artists John Houston and Elizabeth Blackadder. Miss Blackadder has helped to organize the exhibition.

It is hoped, of course, that some of the paintings will be sold, and in this event 20 per cent of the purchase price will go to the funds of the Foundation. Lady Cochrane has a great interest in art. "But I'm no artist," she added, "and I have only bought three pictures in my life."

There will also be displays of work by Edinburgh potters and paintings by local schoolchildren. The exhibition will be open to the public on 8 and 9 August, and there will be a private view on 7 August. The opening ceremony will be performed by the Earl of Crawford & Balcarres.

GETTING TO KNOW YOU

This year, Dr. H. J. Theusner, Scotland's Consul for the Federal Republic of Germany, and his wife have been getting to know the country. This is their first year in Scotland and they have made an extensive tour of the north and north-west. Mrs. Theusner was impressed by the scenery, but was even more enthusiastic about a recent garden party given by the Queen which she attended at the Palace of Holyroodhouse. "I was so impressed with the great top hats of the men," she told me. "To me they are typically British. I've only seen them on the television before." Now the Theusners and their small daughter are off to Avon for a fortnight. "We hear there's more likely to be sun there," says Mrs. Theusner hopefully. Their idea of relaxation is riding for Mrs. Theusner, golfing for her husband. J.P.



Drummond-Moray—Strutt: Lucy, daughter of Major and Mrs. J. Drummond-Moray, of Abercairny, Crieff, Perthshire, was married to the Hon. Rupert Strutt, son of the late Lord Belper and of Mrs. Norman Tollemache, of Bentley House, Ipswich, at Fowls Wester Church, near Crieff

THE ROYAL BABIES

There is a sense in which all babies are royal—unless their parents are inhuman monsters. In any household they are the centre of interest—as many an older child has discovered to its rage. They demand, and receive, a degree of attention that was once the prerogative of Kings. Louis XIV himself was not clothed with more care, nor was his every whim more eagerly studied. But so long as monarchy persists (and long may it continue) there must be a special interest in babies who are really royal, for they stand in a special relationship to every legal subject.

There have been sad periods of history when there were no royal babies, or hardly any. When the children of George III had grown up, there was only the unfortunate Princess Charlotte to fill the gap until the arrival of the little girl who was to be Queen Victoria. Once she had ascended the throne she soon put that right, though, as we learn from the recently published letters to her eldest daughter, she regarded the whole process as extremely distasteful. And today the royal nurseries are full of new arrivals, whose portraits are here presented together with portraits of their parents when themselves very young.

There is a particular interest in the portraits of royal children of whatever age and whatever period. We try to see in them what we know of their later history, and all too often our knowledge is of disaster, early death and promise unfulfilled. What could be more pathetic than the illuminated manuscript portrait of the tiny figure that was Henry VI clad in robes of state embroidered with both leopards and lilies? He was to lose both the crown of England and the crown of France. Almost equally touching is the Holbein portrait of Edward Duke of Cornwall, the plump baby son of Henry VIII's Queen Jane Seymour, who died 12 days after her child's birth. In his plumed Tudor bonnet and suit of cloth of gold he is "young hopeful" in person. But knowing as much as we do of this future Edward VI we can only smile wryly at the inscription on the portrait: "Little one, take after thy father, be the heir also of thy father's virtue."

We smile less wryly but perhaps more ironically still at the early portraits of the future Charles II. He is seen as a baby in a rather clumsy painting by Hendrik Pot, and as a boy in the splendid Vandyke showing him with his sisters and the baby who was to be James II, and a dog so

enormous that he seems the most important person in the picture.

Children of that period and for a century later wore miniature replicas of their parents' clothes. Very uncomfortable to play in, one would have thought. When Nicolas de Largillière went to the Château of St. Germain in 1695 and painted the little Prince in exile who was to be known to history as the Old Pretender, he showed him in the lace and ruffles of a grown-up man. It was not until the middle of the 18th century that parents (and not only royal parents) seem to have tumbled to the notion that children had lives of their own to lead and that what were suitable clothes for adults were not at all suitable for them.

In Zoffany's picture of the two elder sons of George III the little princes are actually shown playing, an astounding departure from the age-long tradition of formal portraiture. And everybody knows the charming picture of the same two little boys with their mother Queen Charlotte in Kensington Palace, in which the future George IV is dressed as a Roman warrior and the future Duke of York as a turbaned pasha. Knowing what we know about Prinny and his passion for Oriental domes, we inevitably think that it ought to have been the other way about.

Queen Victoria had a great liking for miniature portraits and when all her nine children were still very young she had them painted by Sir William Ross. Then came photography, and if we are tempted to regret that, it is only necessary to look at the pictures illustrating the present article to realize that photography can be an art too.

There is no burking the fact that children hate posing for portraits. If some of the little sitters in old pictures look sullen and bored it is because they *were* bored, bored to the verge of tears with the effort of sitting still for hours on end. Even for early photographs it was necessary for the sitter to remain motionless for several minutes; but improvements in photography have happily swept all this away and it is possible to obtain pictures that retain all the spontaneous grace of childhood. And of course it is something to have a photographer in the family—and a brilliant photographer at that.

We are able to look at these child-portraits without the hind-sight we are compelled to use in reference to royal children of the past. May they have long and happy lives.

A gallery of pictures with a commentary by James Laver



The Queen's first child, Prince Charles, photographed by Cecil Beaton at Buckingham Palace a month after his birth on 14 November, 1948. He was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester in 1958. The Prince is at school at Gordonstoun.

Prince Charles, then aged two, with his baby sister, the month-old Princess Anne. The children were photographed at Clarence House. The Queen's second child was born there on 15 August, 1950. The Princess was first educated privately and is now at school at Benenden. She shares her mother's love of horses and is now an accomplished rider and show jumper. (See the Tatler 22 July)

Left: an early picture of Prince Philip (centre) taken with Prince Jacques of Bourbon-Parma (left) and Theodore Culbert during a Robin Hood play at the McJannet American School in Paris. Prince Philip was born at Corfu on 10 June, 1921, the only son of the late Prince Andrew of Greece and of Princess Alice of Battenberg, elder daughter of the 1st Marquess of Milford Haven. Far left: the Queen as a baby. She was born at 17 Bruton Street, W.1, on 21 April, 1926, the first daughter of the then Duke and Duchess of York. The Queen succeeded to the throne on 6 February, 1952 on the death of her father King George VI



Above: the Queen's fourth child, Prince Edward, was photographed in his crib at Buckingham Palace by Cecil Beaton. He is also seen in the cover picture. His crib was used for the Queen and Princess Margaret and for all the Queen's children. Top: Prince Andrew was born at Buckingham Palace on 19 February, 1960. Cecil Beaton photographed him in the Music Room there



Above: in his pram, the young Prince Edward of Kent (the present Duke), first-born son of Princess Marina, Duchess of Kent, and the late Duke of Kent. He was born on 9 October, 1935. The Duke is now serving in Germany with the Royal Scots Greys

Top: the Earl of St. Andrews looks from a train window at Liverpool Street at the start of the Royal Family's Christmas journey to Sandringham last year. The first child of the Duke and Duchess of Kent was born on 26 June, 1962, and christened George Philip Nicholas



The Duchess of Kent at Coppins with her baby daughter, Lady Helen Windsor



Above: *The Earl of Snowdon's picture of his son David Albert Charles, Viscount Linley, taken at Royal Lodge, Windsor, to mark his second birthday last November.*
 Above left: *Lord Snowdon as a child. He was 2½ when this picture was taken with his mother, the Countess of Rosse, then Mrs. Ronald Armstrong-Jones. Lord Snowdon was born on 7 March, 1930, at Nymans, Sussex.*
 Left: *Princess Margaret as a child. The younger daughter of the then Duke and Duchess of York, Princess Margaret was born at Glamis Castle on 21 August, 1930*



Princess Margaret drives from Kensington Palace with her baby daughter, Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones, to the christening ceremony in the Private Chapel at Buckingham Palace



*Princess Alexandra with her baby son, James Robert Bruce Ogilvy,
photographed by Cecil Beaton at Thatched House Lodge in Richmond Park*



In his pram, the Hon. Angus Ogilvy. The second son of the Earl and Countess of Airlie, he was born in London on 14 September, 1928. He was 12 months old when this picture was taken at the Airlie home in Scotland



In her pram, Princess Alexandra. The second child and only daughter of Princess Marina, Duchess of Kent and of the late Duke of Kent, Princess Alexandra was born on Christmas Day, 1936, in Belgrave Square



rockabye baby

COUNTERSPY

Rock baby in an Early Victorian cradle with double caned top and sides. £25 at Kinnerton Antiques, Kinnerton Street, S.W.1, where there are plenty of pine items that look good in a nursery. Tuck baby into a delectable crib that is layer on layer of misty embroidered organdie. This one: £47 5s. at Harrods; some cost much more. Christening robe in delicately sewn organdie from a selection of robes, some made from pieces of old lace cost 33 gns. up. This one: £7 19s. 6d. at Harrods. Help baby walk with a walkabout duck on wheels. Painted wood at Galt Toys, Great Marlborough Street. £1 12s. 6d. Red and white dress and pants: 36s. 6d. at Harrods. Safe swing for baby has high sides that can't open: £1 9s. at Galt Toys. Tiny pine chair with rush seat, huge edition of *Alice in Wonderland*. Chair: £1 18s. 6d., book: 25s. at Heals. Keep babies clothes in some nursery furniture that is plain enough to use afterwards. Beech with white drawers to the chest and front to the cupboard at Harrods: £20 17s. 6d., £13 9s. 6d.

BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON





Left: designed to slide easily under a coat later, a dress in warm grey hopsack, the little girl bodice emphasized by neat rows of stitching. By Peter Barron, 7½ gns. at Bourne & Hollingsworth; Marshall & Snelgrove, Manchester; William Harvey, Guildford. *Below:* leafy brown and gold tweed reflect the coming of autumn in an easy unlined cardigan suit with a yellow crepe blouse knotted softly at the neck. By Dereta, 11 gns. at D. H. Evans; Rackhams, Birmingham; Schofields, Leeds



Right: cut like a coat, a Chanel-inspired dress in Cambridge blue bouclé wool, buttoned and braided in gold. By Rembrandt, 12½ gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove; Bobby's, Bournemouth; Browns, Chester. *Below:* smooth, fast moving little suit in creamy ribbed jersey over a loop-necked blouse in peaty Valdion. By Tricosa, 38 gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove; Peggy Goss, Birmingham; Fenwick, Newcastle. Brown velvet and black grosgrain helmet by Dolores, £12 at Dickins & Jones









Left: pebbly mixture of caramel and white linen blended with wool and knitted up into an insulating warm-to-cool sweater paired with its own caramel skirt. By Chic knit, 13½ gns. from the 64 Shop, Liberty; Kathleen Russell, Godalming; Remelle, Bolton. Toffee silk scarf by Richard Allan at Harvey Nichols. *Below:* giant blue dogsteeth are checked inkily on to an easy jumper suit of cinnamon jersey with a plain cinnamon skirt. By Ladies Pride, £10 19s. 6d. at Gorrings; Mildred Foster, Doncaster; Leisure Gowns, Birmingham





An impeccable dress for all seasons from France in flint-grey jersey checked with white. With no break at the waist, it's slightly bloused over its own matching belt. By St. Joseph, 22 gns. at Lucia, Berkeley Street; Fenwick, Newcastle; Mary Lee, Tunbridge Wells. Stitched pillbox in scarlet velvet by Dolores, £6 2s. 6d. at Harrods

on plays

John Salt / The theatre in the box

I sometimes wonder what we should do without television and though I realize that a good many people, the majority perhaps, would have no such doubts, it ought to be recognized by now that the legitimate theatre at least would be a good deal the poorer without that mechanised rival flickering inexorably along beside it. It is not simply because of the recruitment of talent though that is important. After all, few of the playwrights who dominated the theatre over the last ten years ever succeeded in making a successful transfer to the small screen. The traffic has been for the most part the other way. Pinter began, effectively, on television, and we have since had the urgent and perceptive offerings of Alun Owen and Waterhouse and Hall. The new men translate in either medium. The older ones stay with the stage that is their conquest and was their beginning.

Television demands not necessarily a better but certainly a different technique. Just as Hollywood in its early years soon abandoned the practice of filming Broadway hits, scene by scene as in the original play, and began instead to shop out side for its raw material, so television has created its own climate and terms of reference within which the writer, the actor, the director-producer and the scenic designer must work. The results have been fruitful. Though a vast amount of rubbishy drama is turned out every week there are gems among it and some have translated from the visual medium to the world of selective audience theatre and there enjoyed both long runs and critical acclaim.

With the education of the artist has gone a parallel education of audiences. This TV thing has wrought a richer texture in the fabric of drama; not in all cases but in many. We go to the theatre now and we accept, and are prepared to accept, more things than we ever did in the past. We are ready to be talked at for one thing and that in my early days would have brought on a certain restiveness combined with programme rustling and an exodus without return after the second interval. It is much

more a case these days of recognizing the actualities, the stuff of life, when we see them. These are the things which television, for all its faults, purveys so widely and so well. Things which the theatre, with certain great and glorious exceptions, has tended to evade recently.

It is only because of television that a play like **Twelve Angry Men** could have held a first night audience the way it did at the Queen's Theatre recently. Mr. Reginald Rose's play—he is a New Yorker—was written for television and only became a play after being a successful film.

The title may appear to give the plot away, it is in fact concerned with the deliberations of a jury in a case of murder. It is said that no play can miss that contains a courtroom scene. Well there is no courtroom here but plenty of drama. We never meet the prosecuting District Attorney, nor the defending counsel, nor yet the presiding judge. Mercifully we never hear any of the objections that are so much a feature of American courts, whether sustained or overruled. We never meet the accused either, though we learn that he comes from the Lower East Side, is aged only 19 and is handy with a flick knife. But we do meet the jury, twelve men drawn from all walks of life, twelve men who become angry in debate and argument because eleven of them believe the boy to be guilty and the twelfth believes that there exists some reasonable doubt that could and should save the wretched youth from burning in the electric chair.

"Is there a doubt in your minds?" asks the judge in his direction to the jury in a capital case. "Any reasonable doubt? If so you must acquit." But if no doubt exists, the jury must return a verdict of guilty so that the penalty of law may ensue in its full rigour and majesty. In the case at the Queen's there can be no recommendation to the Bench for mercy, a United States judge has made this clear. So in a sense these twelve men are executioners and as the play develops it may appear that some enjoy the role.

They enter in an untidy straggle, a little creased, a little crumpled, rather hot—it

is late afternoon in a blazing July—bored, impatient, beligerent, timid, jocose; each as Nature has made him and society conditioned. There is the lawyer, the baseball coach, the broker, the truck driver, the immigrant Jewish watchmaker, each taking his turn for the ice water fountain and the men's room. Next they take their places at the table to ratify a foregone conclusion. It should not take more than half an hour. They have trains to catch and ball games to see and the accused is plainly guilty.

I shall not tell you how it ended, whether life or death resulted from the explosive deliberations in that narrow, dusty, soul-less room. This is a play to be worked out also in the narrow confines of one's own mind, enlisting for support all of sweet reason and all of prejudice as the battle sways every which way. In the process will be discovered murder in the mind and in the heart along with the virtues of mercy and compassion. It is a violent catharsis, a plunge into an emotional maelstrom that leaves the body shaken and trembling. This is what it is to think, and that is what Mr. Rose's play makes us do. The jurymen who file out in the late evening light have been made to think as well. When they entered they were only feeling and that is half-life and fraught with danger.

This is a good play beyond all question. It owes much I think to the highly-experienced direction of Miss Margaret Webster and even more to the towering performance of that fine actor Mr. Robert Urquhart. He plays a man with fear at his heart and prejudice as his guiding principle. When the play ends he is a man destroyed. There is no pity in our hearts for what he represents but Mr. Urquhart's achievement is that at least we can understand what made him.

The West End is richer too for the return of Mr. Walter Fitzgerald and of Mr. Leo Genn who plays the odd man out—the one on the side of the angels that is. I thought Mr. Genn's performance a trifle muted, there should have been at least one trumpet blast. But still and all, it's a part to be played with care; any man on the side of the angels is liable to be shot at because in a way he is asking for it. There is space and there is time to name all twelve at the jury table. They deserve no less. The foreman is Mr. Barry Lowe, then come Mr. Olaf Pooley, Mr. Robert Urquhart, Mr. Walter Fitzgerald, Mr. Mark Kingston, Mr. John Bay, Mr. Ken Wayne, Mr. Leon Genn, Mr. Arnold Ridley (of *Ghost Train* fame I learn with delight), Mr. Grant Taylor, Mr. Peter Illing and Mr. Paul Maxwell. Long may they continue to argue their case at the Queen's.

Karin Fernald made her third West End appearance within a year in The Easter Man at the Globe. An award winner at RADA, she played with three provincial repertory companies before appearing in Six Characters in Search of an Author at the May Fair and John Gabriel Borkman at the Duchess



GRAHAM ATTWOOD

on films

Elspeth Grant / Not a bed of roses

Without having read the novel by Mrs. Penelope Mortimer on which *The Pumpkin Eater* is based, I can only suspect (and I do) that the male trio of scenarist, producer and director (Messrs. Harold Pinter, James Woolf and Jack Clayton) had rather less sympathy for the beautiful, much-married young heroine.

I must say I agree with them; child-bearing is a perfectly normal and altogether admirable female function but it can be carried to the point of self-indulgence, and it seems to me that any husband, already stuck with eight brats, of which he has fathered only one, is entitled to lose patience with his wife if "all she wants is to sit in a corner and give birth."

Miss Anne Bancroft, looking absolutely lovely and giving a superbly self-absorbed performance, is married to a highly successful and very sexy script-writer, Mr. Peter Finch, for whom she has left a previous husband (Mr. Richard Johnson), bringing her brood with her. They live in enviable luxury and should, one feels, be happy, but Miss Bancroft takes no interest in her husband's work, will not accompany him on trips abroad and is naggingly jealous of the women he meets—while Mr. Finch, who loves his wife despite his roving eye, irritably complains (possibly to excuse his peccadilloes) that he never sees her alone on account of the swarm of children.

He resolutely refuses to add more than one to the existing quiver-full—which so upsets Miss Bancroft that she has a nervous breakdown: wandering through Harrods in an agony of frustration and self-pity, she bursts into tears in the Food Department (why *there*, I wonder?) and has to be taken home by a solicitous nurse. Her worried husband sends her to a psychiatrist, on whose advice (and to Mr. Finch's immense relief) she agrees to a sterilization operation.

This is the first sacrifice she has made to hold Mr. Finch's love and, as it is undoubtedly the greatest an obsessional procreantress could possibly make, you can imagine how violently she reacts on being told that a film star with whom her husband has been working is pregnant by him. She doesn't question the truth of the story (though I would, as film stars

with contracts to fulfil are usually pretty careful about this sort of thing). She attacks Mr. Finch in a blind fury and they fight like fiends. (Obviously Robert Louis Stevenson was right in saying: "Marriage is like life in this—that it is a field of battle and not a bed of roses.")

Seething with anger, she seeks solace in the arms and bed of Mr. Johnson. With infidelity, assumed or admitted, on both sides, it looks as if the marriage is definitely on the rocks, yet—surprisingly or not, according to your experience—out of the chaos selfishness has created could spring an understanding to bind husband and wife closer together than ever before.

Mr. Pinter's screenplay bristles with odd, amusing and startling situations. Mr. James Mason, superbly inane at a killingly observed cocktail party, is brilliantly vicious as he poisons Miss Bancroft's mind against her husband—at the Zoo, of all places. Miss Bancroft's alarming encounter with a crazy, sex-starved woman (Miss Yootha Joyce) at the hairdresser's should make you hesitate to set foot in any such establishment without adequate protection.

There are affecting performances from Miss Rosalind Atkinson and Sir Cedric Hardwicke as Miss Bancroft's parents, and an enchanting one from Miss Frances White as the jolly teenage daughter on whom she lavishes so little attention that it's hard to see why the child is so fond of her. (Incidentally, Miss Bancroft doesn't seem to bother with any of her children once she's had the pleasure of producing them: to her two oldest sons she appears to be a complete stranger.) Mr. Finch, whether registering fond affection, lustful inclination, tetchiness or downright black rage, is at all times splendid. Mr. Clayton's perceptive, subtle and imaginative direction makes this an enthralling film: the film of the year I shouldn't wonder.

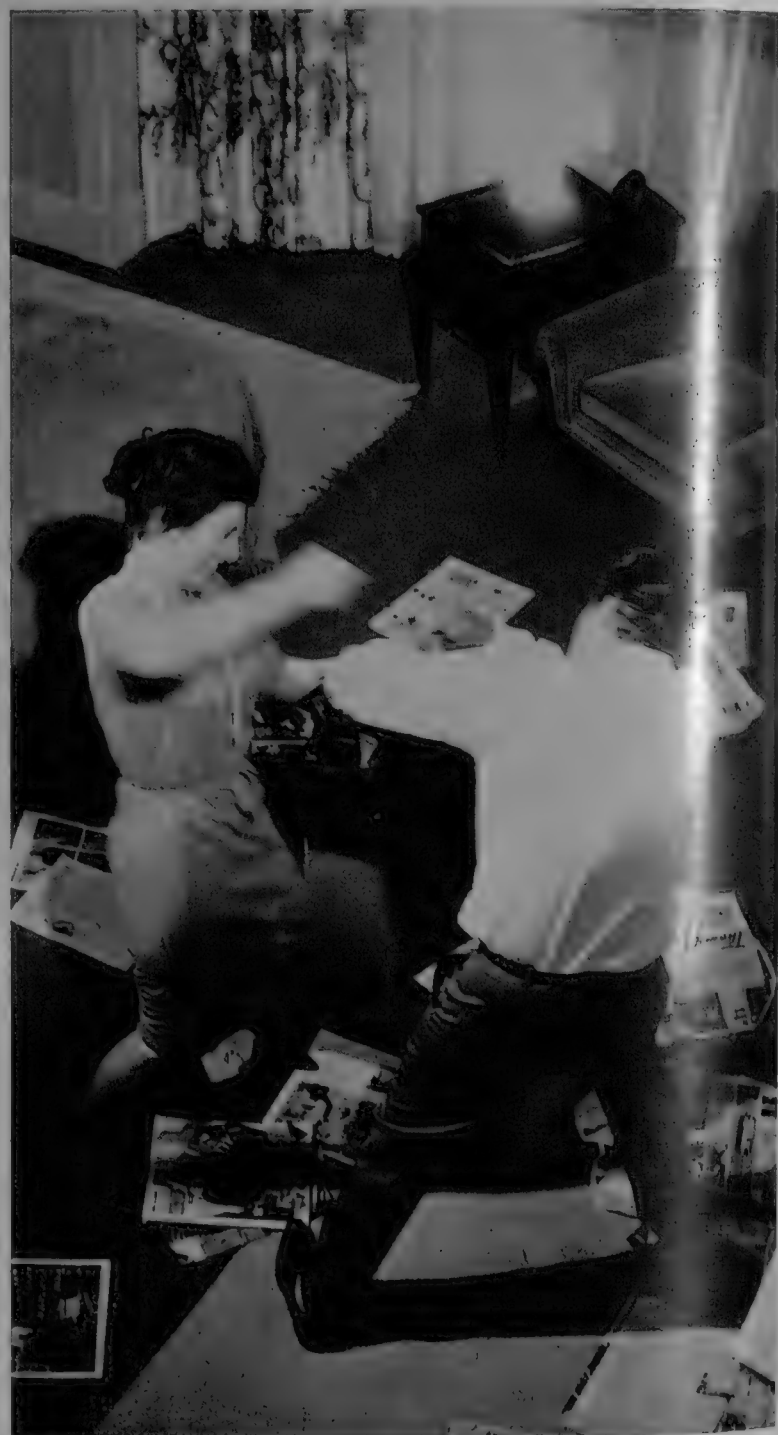
Mr. John Wayne is so darned arrogant of manner, I constantly catch myself wishing him a little hard luck to bring him down a peg or two. Well, he has almost enough to satisfy even me in the title role of *The Magnificent Showman*—a whacking great Super-Technirama circus epic with an old-

fashioned long-lost-Mum-meets-and-is-tearfully-united-with-darling-but-deserted-daughter sob-story grafted on.

The rum-looking ship in which Mr. Wayne takes his three-ring circus to Barcelona founders in the harbour (a marvellous sight), leaving him broke. He's reduced to taking a job with Colonel Purdy's Wild West Show—which is pretty humiliating but anyway gives him a chance to travel the Continent, signing on new and exciting "acts" for another circus of his own. He somehow manages to scrape up enough money to buy a tent big enough to house the show and is all set to make a comeback when—how's this for bad luck?—on the opening night fire breaks out under the Big Top (this bit's madly thrilling)

and you'd be prepared to swear Mr. Wayne is done for this time, if you didn't know from long (too long?) acquaintance that he's indestructible.

Miss Rita Hayworth (welcome back) plays the long-lost Mum with considerable feeling, and Signorina Claudia Cardinale, who really does look rather like her, is deliciously spirited as the darling daughter and, in tights and spangles as "aerialistes" (or something), they make a pretty pair. Mr. Richard Conte is sinister as Miss Hayworth's Sicilian brother-in-law, Fraulein Wanda Rotha is extremely fetching as a lion-tamer's bossy wife and (trust the director, Mr. Henry Hathaway) there's any amount of rip-roaring spectacle—which is what the kids want, even if you don't.



In a frenzy of accusations Anne Bancroft and Peter Finch fight violently in *The Pumpkin Eater*

on books

Oliver Warner / Diary of a spy

Strangers on a Bridge, the Case of Colonel Abel, by James B. Donovan (Secker & Warburg 35s.) is a diary account, by the American lawyer who defended him, of the trial and sentence to 30 years imprisonment of Colonel Rudolf Ivanovich Abel, chief of Soviet espionage in the United States and a man of great intellect. On 10 February the Colonel was exchanged, in Berlin, for Francis Gary Powers, the U.2 pilot shot down by the Russians. This is as good as any thriller; not only are the events all true, but Abel's character is unfolded with as much care as that of the narrator.

The account of the procedure in American justice is perhaps the best part of all. The contrast between incurable American openness and deep-seated Russian suspicion is continuous and painful. I believe that, in the end, the American attitude will be seen as the more civilized and as doing the country lasting good. Suspicion is self-defeating, and it is probably better to run the

serious risk of betrayal than to live that half-life under fear ridden bureaucracy which seems to be the Russian set-up, even in the more relaxed post-Stalin days.

With a general election imminent, the political novel is topical and so therefore is **The Short List** by David Walder (Hodder & Stoughton 18s.), the author of *Bags of Swank*. The hero is an Oxford don, Rupert Inglis, who is tempted to try his hand in the Conservative cause. He is soon whirled into the madder circles of political aspiration; Rupert does reasonably well, but does not succeed in "getting in," and his adventures, in a world the author knows from personal experience, are amusing. If this is how politics are run, it is amazing there are not more calamities.

Man-eating sharks are not most people's idea of nice clean fun, but I was astonished to learn from **Shadows in the Sea** by Harold W. McCormick, Tom Allen and William E. Young (Sidgwick & Jackson 35s.) that until recently even

some of the top experts doubted how lethal they were. This book, which is also about skates and rays, settles the matter once for all. There is excitement on almost every page. The photographs and drawings are admirable, as are some of the recipes, Fried Fillets of Shark Orly or Shark Sauté Meunière, for instance.

Much nearer home are the creatures illustrated and described in **Spotting Birds** by Jaroslav Spirhanzl Duris and Edmund Burke (Paul Hamlyn 10s. 6d.), accurately stated to be a "pocket" guide (it is actually 6½ ins. by 4½ ins.). For once I can give high marks to the colour plates (printed abroad) and the clear, strong drawings. All the commoner British birds are here, and several rarer species.

Briefly... it is rash, even in a publisher, to claim a book as the funniest he has ever issued. That is the hand-out given to **The Woods Were Full of Men** by Irma Lee Emmerson and Jean Muir (Robert Hale 16s.). Miss Emmerson could cook and was willing, at over 30 and with no man in her life, to go to a logging camp in Oregon to live amid 60 virile johnnies. She met what she expected, and emerged, as you might guess, no longer alone. It is fresh, wide-open-space

stuff, good of its sort, but superlatives are not applicable...

God the Stonebreaker by Alvin Banett (Heinemann 21s.) is a novel about a Jamaican character called Granny B., unmarried but not unfertile, who is the heart and soul of a poor though not frightfully honest community. Granny B. emerges as a creation in the round, and I for one was sorry the story ended with her demise, for I found her thoroughly engaging. . . . Two for the floral-minded; Anne Ashberry's **Bottle Gardens and Fern Cases** (Hodder & Stoughton 25s.) which introduces the hobby of growing things in bowls, carboys, globes, flagons, Victorian glass what-nots—making tranquil worlds of greenery out of next to nothing, and **Flower Decoration in Churches** by Sheila MacQueen (Faber & Faber 25s.). Anyone who has tried his hand at embellishing a lovely old church will have realized some of the difficulties. Actual decoration is only part of the coverage; there are useful words on growing flowers and foliage. In point of fact, the standard of church decoration is high in this country, but only the most self-satisfied will deem their skill and taste beyond improvement.

Patrick Magee as Hamm and Jack MacGowran as Clov in Donald McWhinnie's production of Endgame, the Samuel Beckett play that recently went into the Royal Shakespeare Company's London repertory at the Aldwych. The first London performance of the play was given in French at the Royal Court in 1957 and this was followed later the same year by an English production. Recently Endgame was successfully revived in Paris with an English cast



MORRIS NEWCOMBE

on records

Spike Hughes / Up from the vaults

When gramophone companies start rooting about in what they call their "vaults" for Immortal or Historical Performances to put out in LP form, it is rare that the records they find should not have been issued before in any form, rarer still that the music recorded should be unfamiliar, and rarest of all that, in an age when the LP repertoire is so vast and comprehensive, the music thus discovered should become the only recordings of that music available in the catalogues. RCA-Victor have combined all these degrees of rarity in the first volume of **Toscanini Conducts Overtures** (mono only), a brilliant collection which includes two Cherubini and two Cimarosa overtures.

Toscanini had a particular liking for Cherubini, and the force and drama he finds in his *Anacreon* overture makes it easy to understand why Beethoven had such a high opinion of the composer. The other Cherubini overture is to the opera *Ali Baba ou les Quarante Voleurs*, which Peter Ustinov was once to have produced at La Scala. It has a wonderfully

cheerful and comic overture which Toscanini plays with all his inimitable sparkle and exuberance. This volume of seven overtures (the others are Cimarosa's *Secret Marriage* and *Marriage by Trickery*, Rossini's *Siege of Corinth*, Mozart's *Magic Flute* and Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis*) is a real treasure and an exhilarating cross-section of the conductor's genius.

Another of the RCA-Victor "Treasury of Immortal Performances" is *Caruso Operatic Rarities* (mono only), which consists of 11 items, including duets with Scotti and Amato and a couple of quartets, never released on LP before. There are some unfamiliar numbers here too—an aria from Anton Rubinstein's *Nero* and Franchetti's *Germania*, for instance (Caruso and Toscanini collaborated in the world première of *Germania*). But the best moments are scenes from *Rigoletto*, *La Forza del Destino* and *Don Carlos*, and the quartet from *La Bohème*.

The convenient and sensible combination of an earlier 12-inch and a 10-inch into a new single 12-inch record means that you can now have all four

Mozart Horn Concertos in one Decca album played (mono and stereo) by Barry Tuckwell, the first horn of the L.S.O. Mr. Tuckwell plays with a magnificent assurance which is good for everybody's nerves. Too often listening to these fascinatingly difficult concertos is as restful as watching a trapeze act; you're glad when it's over. For good measure Barry Tuckwell throws in the 91 bars Mozart wrote for a fifth horn concerto that, sadly, he never finished.

With 104 Haydn symphonies for them to choose from, I hope the Pye Collectors Series is going to keep Leslie Jones and the Little Orchestra of London busy for some time on the work they have begun with the first two volumes of **Haydn's Symphonies** (mono and stereo). Mr. Jones, whose conducting is new to me, seems to have the right instinct about the pulse of Haydn's music. His tempos are encouragingly confident and he clearly has a great affection for the composer. The first record consists of three symphonies—Nos. 9, 31 ("Hornsignal") and 45 ("Farewell"). The second, with the overture to *Armida* as a filler, is devoted to two of Haydn's most emotional, dramatic, and at times surprisingly melancholy symphonies, for they are both in minor keys—No. 44 in E minor (*Trauer* or "Mourning"),

and No. 49 in F minor (*La Passione*). These are two of the most worthwhile issues for a long time.

Having been frightened by him as a child, Bach has never played the important part in my life I am told he should have done. This is because when I was sent to school in Germany we were made to do physical jerks stark naked in the Thüringen Forest and then, before getting a bite of breakfast, to sit down and listen to the music master play one of the Forty-Eight preludes and fugues. Bach inevitably became associated with an empty stomach, people I loathed and a place I did not want to be in. Out of a morbid, masochistic curiosity I listened to some Bach again the other day—Glenn Gould's first instalment of the complete **Well-Tempered Clavier** (CBS—one record, mono and stereo), consisting of the Preludes and Fugues Nos. 1 to 8. I found to my surprise that while I didn't enjoy it quite as much as Jacques Loussier's *Bach swingué*, it was not such an alarming experience as I had expected after 40 years. Glenn Gould, a brilliant Canadian pianist, is a hummer—that is, he doesn't chatter like Fats Waller while he plays, but hums out of tune, like Duke Ellington and Casals. A quaint practice.

on galleries

Robert Wraight / Childhood heroes

The 50th anniversary exhibition of the **London Group**, now at the Tate Gallery, is probably as near as we shall ever get to an exhibition representing the history of British art from 1914 to 1964. Laid out in chronological order it is like a poorly baked cake; most of the currants are at the bottom, the middle is soggy but the top is covered with a layer of icing.

For me (I am the same age as the Group) the currants are the main attraction—which probably makes me a nostalgic old reactionary. What went on in British painting just before and during the First World War has always seemed to me more exciting than anything that has happened since. The big men of that period were my heroes when I first became interested in art.

It was not only their work that impressed me but also the way they lived. The art world

then was like an intimate club, not the great, de-centralized and de-humanized thing it is today. My heroes ate, drank, slept and talked art so incessantly that one wonders how they ever did any actual painting. In Fitzroy Square and at the Café Royal they argued and fought about Post-Impressionism and Cubism. And out of such arguments the London Group was born, an amalgam of several smaller groups of which the principal ones were the Vorticists (who were following up the abstract trends of Cubism) and the Camden Town Group (who, inspired by Gauguin, Van Gogh and others, were exploring the possibilities of flat, decorative styles).

Entering the exhibition at the Tate I was immediately reassured that my hero-worship had not been misplaced. The first thing that meets the eye is Epstein's superb Vorticist

sculpture *The Rock Drill*. A symbol of the Machine Age made in 1914-15 it has, astonishingly, gained in power as time has made its symbolism more apposite than ever.

Nearby is another Vorticist sculpture—by Gaudier-Brzeska—and important Vorticist paintings by Wyndham Lewis, C. R. W. Nevinson, David Bomberg and William Roberts. Also in the "currant" part of the exhibition there is a line-up of the Camden Town-ites—Sickert, Gilman, Ginner, Bevan and others—all hanging in beautiful harmony.

Two large canvases remind us what a fine painter the now-underrated Mark Gertler was. And there are two, *Still-life Lilies* and *Woman with a Fan*, that do justice to the memory of Matthew Smith. But many of the pictures dating from the decade after 1918 are sad reminders of talents, sometimes great talents, that failed to realize the hopes they raised.

In the '30s the Group recruited, among others, Barbara Hepworth, Henry Moore, Ivon Hitchens, William Coldstream, Rodrigo Moynihan, John Piper,

Victor Pasmore, Graham Sutherland and Ceri Richards. All except Sutherland are represented here and make this decade look most impressive for the Group, but it had in fact already lost almost every group quality it once had, and was a loose association of individualists, many of whom did not remain members for long.

What I have, perhaps unfairly, called the soggy part of the cake came understandably in the years immediately after the last war. But by 1949 things were beginning to look lively again and this is reflected in the last room which contains Kenneth Martin's *Screw Mobile* (1953) and two Pasmore abstractions and a painting (1947) and a relief construction (1956), one of Ceri Richards's very fine "hospital paintings," *The Return of the Patient* (1953), and works by Alan Davie, Philip Sutton, Bryan Wynter, Patrick George and Jack Smith. Hanging alongside a late work by the "master," Bomberg, are pictures by Dennis Creffield and Dorothy Mead, and a large drawing by Leon Kossoff.

SCENT: THE SCENE

GOOD LOOKS

Each scent gives an instant impression of its special ambiance—Miss Dior is met with most at deb dances, lily-of-the-valley is linked with mittens and lace. Diorama spells a dark dramatic scene. It smoulders of guns at dawn and the lady dressed to match in a Dior dress. Diorama has most drama in a crystal amphora bottle: £16 10s. or a small precious draft for 37s. 6d. Dior dress named after the scent in black velvet and jet has a cloak to match for moody moments. At the Dior Boutique. Sortilège by Le Galion is a champagne smell at its best on dizzy blondes. It's the Grands Boulevards, it's the very special smell fragmented on a summer's night. It's delicious in a gilt spray that clouds the scent and makes it more clingy. Spray: £3 10s., Bellodgia by Caron is the humid, husky scent of drenched carnations. It has the sophistication most florals lack and lingers on when others have lost their power. A scent for the woman with the style to wear it. $\frac{1}{4}$ -oz. costs 35s. Chanel's Cuir de Russie is a scent for wearing on dark days. It has enormous power and character that changes with the girl who wears it. Preferential treatment is given to brunettes who use it—the moody note is out of touch with blondes: 2 gns. for a small bottle.

BY ELIZABETH
WILLIAMSON

DINING IN

We are just about getting to the end of the summer fruits and vegetables but tomatoes and cucumbers are (or should be) inexpensive enough to use lavishly in a number of cold soups always delightful on cool evenings. Delicious and refreshing is the Spanish cold soup, GAZPACHO.

Mix 3 or 4 well-crushed cloves of garlic with 3 or 4 large ripe tomatoes chopped. Leave for an hour or longer, then sieve to strain the seeds and garlic. Stir in 2 or 3 tablespoons of olive oil, a little at a time. Add a thinly sliced large Spanish onion, a very finely sliced medium-sized green or red sweet pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of paprika, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt; pepper to taste and between $1\frac{1}{2}$ and $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of water. Chill in the refrigerator for half an hour. Add a teacup of cucumber, peeled, deseeded and diced, and a slice of crustless bread, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, again diced. Put a cube of ice in each plate. Serves 4 to 5.

Ridge cucumbers are ideal for soups and sauces, and one of the most delicious of the latter is Cucumber Mayonnaise, to serve with turbot or the last of the season's salmon.

Allow equal measures of very thick mayonnaise and diced cucumbers, peeled and deseeded. Sprinkle the cucumber with a pinch or two of salt and leave for about half an hour. Drain well and squeeze gently to remove any further liquid. Combine with the mayonnaise. The cucumbers, if too wet, would tend to thin down the mayonnaise, which is why it should be really thick in the first place.

For Cream of Cucumber Soup use arrowroot as the thickener and it will remain beautifully smooth; it does not matter which type of cucumber you use, hot-house or ridge. Add a chopped onion and $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 pint measure of chopped peeled cucumbers to just over $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of well-flavoured chicken stock. Cover and boil gently until both the onion and cucumber are soft enough to be rubbed through a sieve. Or, better still purée them in an electric liquidiser. Return to the rinsed-out pan. Taste and season. Bring it to the boil and stir in rounded teaspoon of arrowroot blended with a tablespoon of water. This should thicken just enough. For a thicker soup, you use up to a dessert-

spoon of arrowroot. Finally, stir in a drop or two of sap-green culinary colouring and up to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of single cream. Chill. If liked, present it sprinkled with a little chopped mint. Serves 4.

This Cucumber Soup with Yoghurt is taken from The Gourmet's Menu Cookbook (Hamish Hamilton, 5 gns.) The measurements are in "cups". I suggest teacups. Mix together 2 minced cloves of garlic, 1 teaspoon of salt and 2 tablespoons of olive oil. Beat them into 2 cups of yoghurt and continue beating until the mixture is smooth. Blend in a cucumber (peeled, deseeded and chopped), the juice and grated rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon and 2 cups of cold water. Add one-third cup of currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of chopped mint and salt and pepper to taste. Chill thoroughly. Serves 4.

Tomato and Cucumber soup, served cold, is another combination I like. Roughly chop a floury-type potato, a small onion and 2 shallots. Put them into a saucepan with a tablespoon of olive or corn oil. Cover and shake over a low heat for a few minutes to soften the onion and shallots without colouring them. Work in a good teaspoon of flour then add 1 lb. of chopped ripe tomatoes and a tablespoon of tubed tomato purée. Stir in $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of chicken stock (a chicken cube and water will do), cover and simmer until the mixture

can be rubbed through a sieve (about 30 minutes) into a bowl. Add about 4 oz. of diced skinned and deseeded cucumber and $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of sour cream. Taste for extra seasoning. Chill. Serve sprinkled with a little chopped parsley. I sometimes add a bouquet garni—that is, a bay leaf, several parsley stalks and a sprig of thyme—in the first place. Serves 4.

Emptied tomatoes and hollowed-out sections of cucumber can be used for a variety of savoury fillings. For CUCUMBER CUPS; peel one or more cucumbers and cut across into 1- to $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch lengths. Scoop out about three-quarters of the flesh, leaving a base on to which to pipe the filling and also thick enough "walls" to support it. For Tomato Cups, cut a thin slice off each small one and scoop out the flesh, again leaving firm "walls." Sprinkle them with salt and invert them to drain well. Sprinkle a little French dressing into each tomato and leave for an hour. Meanwhile, make as much filling as required. The proportions are 1 oz. of chopped canned tuna, 1 chopped hard-boiled egg, one-third tablespoon each chopped capers (the vinegar first pressed out), parsley and sweet basil, if available, and a tablespoon of thick mayonnaise. Add a drop or two of anchovy essence. Fill the tomatoes with the mixture and top each with a little chopped parsley.

David Morton / Choosing lightweights

MAN'S WORLD

Curious, those shops that display bolts of material in their windows, with a card that says "Cloth sold by the yard." Who buys cloth by the yard? Has the do-it-yourself movement spread to tailoring? Do these shops cater entirely for foreign visitors who take back bales of the precious stuff to native tailors? Or perhaps there are cloth collectors who hunt down a quarter yard of some rare twist Cheviot in a discontinued pattern, and paste it into an album, swapping the offcuts with fellow cloth-fanciers.

Personally, I'd never dare to back my own judgment in buying cloth. Nor would I dare approach a tailor with a bolt of cloth under my arm. "Poor stuff," he'd say, "can't be answerable . . . won't make up well . . . now if you'd come to me first." The answer is to take a tailor with you if you choose to buy material outside his own

shop. The most obvious advantage is that you can see the material in a large piece, draped over your shoulders, which gives a much better impression of the finished suit than a small pattern in a tailor's swatch-book.

Leaving aside the important matters of colour and pattern, I would like to offer some advice on cloth based on my own experience. Basically, my own suits, jackets and trousers fall into two groups: the first set being of serviceable material that has outlasted the stitching, and the second set being of serviceable stitching that has outlasted the material. The first lot tend to be conservative suits in fairly stout cloths, the stitching strained by fairly stout me; the second are lightweight cloths I haven't cared for properly.

The answer, I suppose, is to cut the suit according to the

cloth. If one wants a classic suit that will last years and years, choose an equally classic cloth, confident that it will last as long as the suit stays in fashion—and probably much longer. An honest tailor or cloth maker would probably admit, however, that an extremely lightweight cloth has to be cared for to an extent that few men have patience for. Lightweight suits have to be rotated, like crops, brushed, cleaned and pressed with skill and care. And even then, one can't expect them to last for years and years like an old thornproof tweed—so there's a chance here to cut a lightweight suit a little less conservatively; it won't last for ever, so take a chance on the detailing; it won't be worn every day, so make it slightly different from the other suits in the wardrobe.

Nowadays a really lightweight suit, made from cloth weighing less than 12 ounces a yard, seems an essential; many men wear them the year through, using waistcoats,

string vests, topcoats and medicinal brandy as a second line of defence—the first line being radiators and car heaters.

I own two lightweight suits, and when we have two weeks of hot weather running, I wish I owned more. One is navy blue, in Cashique, a mixture of wool with mohair and cashmere, a very beautiful cloth that represents like hell being treated as if it were cavalry twill. Another is in a very fine, light wool—Vatican cloth, or Venetian cloth, this is called. John Michael have it in a range of subdued colours, in suits and trousers.

All my other suits are made of sturdy, traditional cloths, averaging around 18 ounces a yard—whipcords, worsteds, tweeds, saxonies. And an Irish thornproof tweed that's tough, wiry and apparently indestructible. The name, incidentally, doesn't mean that a thorn won't penetrate the cloth (a suit of armour is best for that, if you can find a tailor with tinsnips) but that the thorn won't pull out a loop of thread.

Dudley Noble / Trad plus

MOTORING

The traditional Rover image is of quality and durability rather than high performance, but some of the models now rolling out of the factory at Solihull, in leafy Warwickshire, are far from sluggish. The 3-litre, is an example (saloon, or a coupé which looks a trifle racier with its lowered roofline)—it takes 90 m.p.h. in its stride. And if there is a sufficient run in favourable conditions, with overdrive engaged well over 100 m.p.h. is obtainable. All 3-litre Rovers fitted with manually operated four-speed gearbox have overdrive included at their price of £1,641 for the saloon and £1,857 for the coupé (tax-paid). Automatic transmission is available at £1,703 and £1,919 respectively, but no overdrive is possible with these.

All Rover 3-litres are outstanding for the wonderful comfort and air of luxury integral to their make-up. Seats are like armchairs in contour and depth of soft, "prime quality hide" uphol-

stering; the doors close with a well-bred murmur; the fascia panel is chaste and *haut ton*; no polished veneer but a gently smoothed African cherry with discreet black instruments and a matt black leather top surface to the dashboard (no reflections in the windscreen). Under the fascia is a full width parcel shelf covered to match the upholstery. This gives a fair amount of space but could be higher. Centre armrests are provided for front and back seats, and if one pays £6 extra the former can be individual, also with folding centre armrests. A thick pile carpet with a felt underlay gives a rich softness to the feet. If one dislikes toughened glass for the windscreen in view of its proclivity to "craze," a laminated glass screen can be fitted for an extra £21 16s. 2d., and an electrically-heated rear window to prevent misting-up at about the same again. The car I tested had this last-mentioned device; it was visible in certain

lights as a web of fine wiring in the central part of the rear window.

The six-cylinder engine is a characteristic Rover design, with overhead inlet valves and exhaust valves at the side; the exact capacity is 2,995 c.c. and power 121 b.h.p. at 5,000 r.p.m.; the excellent pulling effort (which means that there is no need to keep the engine "revving" in order to maintain maximum power) is indicated by its best "torque" occurring as low as 1,750 r.p.m. This, of course, is where a biggish engine scores from the driver's point of view; there is the ability to hang on to top gear even when the car's speed drops right down, and with overdrive cut in or out at the touch of a lever to the left of the steering column, one can have two top gears at will by its use, without manipulating the clutch or normal gear-lever. If driven with reasonable care, the fuel consumption can be as good as 22 miles per gallon; hard driving will reduce the mileage to 18 or even less. The tank holds 14 gallons and a switch on the fascia keeps about 1½ gallons in reserve, so one need never run dry. Premium grade is required, especi-

ally for the manually controlled gearbox model, on which the engine's compression ratio is 8½ to 1; the automatic transmission version's engine has this reduced to 8 to 1.

A feature of the car I tested was power-assisted steering; it involves an extra cost of £65 5s., but does take all effort out of manipulating the wheel; the difference it makes was demonstrated when I once manoeuvred the car downhill with engine dead. There is certainly a tendency for the power assistance to take the feeling out of the steering on a bend or corner, and until fully accustomed to it one can easily make too violent a swerve when cornering. When this happens, the outside front tyre tends to "dig in" suddenly, and one has to ease off the steering wheel to counteract the over-steer. Many people, however, who find the effort of manoeuvring a heavy car (this one weighs about 33 cwt.) too much for them will appreciate the help this power assistance gives at low speeds. The front disc brakes are effective and I particularly liked the tell-tale light that indicates when the handbrake has only been partially released.

Opulent view of the 3-litre Rover



ANTIQUES

Reflecting on the recent Antique Dealers' Fair at Grosvenor House, which attracted even more visitors this year, I thought of the interesting and original items on view. One piece that particularly drew attention was the rare mid-18th century model of Madame de Pompadour's dog, Pau, in *terre-cuite peinte*, (top right), which was exhibited on Biggs & Sons stand.

The exceptionally small Queen Anne walnut bureau bookcase (below left) found on Charles Lumb & Sons' stand was undoubtedly one of the most attractive pieces of furniture at the Fair. Several factors added to the "Collector's piece" label it wore; its size was only 22 in. wide, it was in an excellent state of preservation and its colour and simple,

slender lines classed it as an outstanding example of high quality workmanship.

Further round the Hall, the pair of 18th century Swedish Gustaviansk cut glass table candelabras on Denys Wrey's stand certainly took high place among the glass items on show. Each carried three candle holders (below right) and were only 29 in. high. The most fascinating aspects of this pair were the cut glass triangular platforms and pillars, indeed a rarity.

Furniture, glass and ceramics were all gloriously represented as may be judged by these few examples. Similarly a superb example of a Khotan silk and metal rug, sometimes erroneously called a Samarkand rug, commanded great interest. The design of this

Mongolian rug, worked during the very early 18th century, was based mainly on geometric patterns with both Chinese and Persian influence in equal parts. It was displayed on the Vigo Art Galleries' stand but a similar rug is described in Mr. A. U. Dilley's book *Oriental Rugs and Carpets* published by Scribners, New York, in 1931 and in which he states that these rugs were specially woven for the Imperial Palace at Peking. The whole structure of this rug is silk, on which the geometric designs are intermingled with a secondary design of flowers, while most of the tracery and background of the borders is worked in silver and gold thread. The colouring is subdued, but exquisite beige rose forms the background, and there is a mingling of blue, ivory and rose throughout.

The Antique Dealers' Fair and Exhibition celebrates its Silver Jubilee next year and I very much hope that Grosvenor House will seize this wonderful opportunity to give the 1965

Fair a much needed face-lift. I am not, of course, suggesting that tents should be pitched all over the Hall; neither am I criticising the running of the Fair, so ably conducted with Army-like precision by Captain C. S. Platts, the General Secretary.

I am frequently asked who the organizers of the Antique Dealers' Fair are, as apparently the public seem to think that it is directed and run by members of the British Antique Dealers' Association. This is not the case and I take the opportunity to point out that it is purely a business proposition organized and run by Grosvenor House and that the members of the British Antique Dealers' Association are the clients who pay a rent per footage, calculated on the area of their stand.

The Queen Anne bureau (left), the terre-cuite peinte dog (below) and the candelabra (bottom) mentioned in Albert Adair's article alongside.



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